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WAR POEMS

AND

OTHERS

BY

Julius S. Berg

A poetical history of the great World War

INTERESTING, ELEVATING, AMUSING

The Greatest War Book

JULIUS S. BERG

AUTHOR PUBLISHER

887 Forest Avenue

New York City

Price Fifty Cents

War Poems and Others

BY

JULIUS S. BERG

MEMBER

VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS,

AMERICAN LEGION

—FOR SALE—

WHERE GOOD BOOKS ARE SOLD

OR BY THE AUTHOR

JULIUS S. BERG

PS3503
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1921

This Book is Dedicated
to My Dear Wife
Rose

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887 FOREST AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

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APR -5 1921

G.E.M. Au 8 8/21

TO MY READERS

This book was published in this inexpensive form in order that it should be within the reach of all who desire to read it.

I sincerely hope that the price paid will not lessen the value of the poems in your estimation.

The contents of this little book is the result of two years' work, and are the thoughts which came to me during the time I spent in the hospital recovering from my wounds received while serving with the American forces abroad.

This little book is sold on its merits and the author has the confidence that after reading it, you will tell your friends to order their copy.

PRELUDE

This is my book—I wrote it.
I've given a thought to rhyme.
I might have done much better,
Had I taken the time.
It's only a little collection
Of poems that were written in bed;
Preparing to leave all the living
While waiting to go to the dead.

I'm not a poet—I never was,
I never dreamed a poem;
Before the war I worked all day
And studied while at home.
I did not finish public school,
No college have I had—
Somehow I think—for a lad like me
My poems are not so bad.

I said these poems were written
While I was lying in bed,
'Tis true—for I was wounded
In the foot—the hip—and the head.
Heavens! Sometimes I forget
That my shoulder got a whack,
And how I overlook such things
As the shrapnel in my back.

Lying in bed from day to day,
And through the dreary night—
I thought of poems—I thought of verse,
I thought I would like to write.
And so my gentle reader,
You've the story of a fool.
A foolish poem composer
Who did not finish school.

WHY

Why is this great calamity?
Why is this bloody war?
Why should men be killing men
They never knew before?

Why are there ruined cities?
Why bridges blown away?
Why buildings laid in ashes
By the fires of yesterday?

Why are there weeping widows?
Why little orphans, too?
Why so many cripples?
What did these poor ones do?

Why so many sick ones?
Why so many graves?
Why were they forced to go there?
Were these people slaves?

Why not stop your murder?
Why not stop your war?
Why not fight the civilized way?
Why not International Law?

I REMEMBER

I remember—I remember
When the country went to war.
Songs were sung and bells were rung
I never heard before.
"Don't bite the hand that's feeding you,"
"Enlist before the draft,"
"Now, who will sign—to cross the Rhine?"
And everybody laughed.

I remember—I remember
They took it all in fun.
No one surmised or realized
We had to whip the Hun.
But when the mighty draft came on
And took the country's men;
Newton Baker—the number taker,
Picked mine as number ten.

I remember—I remember
The day I went to camp.
In September—Oh! I remember,
The people's eyes were damp.
They watched us leave the station,
What didn't mothers say,
There goes my boy—my pride—my joy,
GOD—Bring him back some day.

I remember—I remember,
When we sailed across the foam.
With tear in eye, we said Good-by
To Liberty and Home.
We ne'er expected to return
To our noble land so free,
But our smoke screen defied submarine,
We safely crossed the sea.

I remember—I remember,
The town we landed in.
Then the long road—the heavy load,
And my helmet made of tin.
My trusty rifle filled with shot,
My bayonet spick and span,
My hob-nail shoes—the army blues,
And the good old mess-kit pan.

I remember—I remember,
The trench that I was in,
How awful wet—the parapet
All reinforced with tin.
How I sank in mud up to my knees,
The shell hole where I slept,
The cunning beauty called Mister Cootey
And the other bugs that crept.

I remember—I remember,
The time that I was shot.
A dreary night with star shell light,
High explosive's what I got.
I dropped upon the fire step,
I heard shooting and the yells,
The wounded moaning, the dying groaning,
'Twas like a million hells.

I remember—I remember,
The hospital's grey wall.
The operations and amputations
And still that isn't all.
For many boys were blind they say,
And one couldn't speak or hear.
And my friend Dick was awful sick,
'Twas a sight you'd almost fear.

I remember—I remember,
Pulling into the U. S. A.
Mothers crying—sweethearts sighing.
Oh! What a joy that day.
We landed in December,
And for Christmas we were home,
Mid yell and cheer, we stated clear
No more—we'd cross the foam.

TO MISS S.

A little verse
About a nurse.
Peculiar name,
But just the same—I like her.

A pleasant smile
All the while,
A cheery song
The whole day long—I like her.

Her jolly style
It will beguile
A heart of gold,
My story told—I like her.

BONES AND HAIR

The blood soaked fields are richer now
The blood soaked fields of France.
The finest flowers lie there now,
Flowers that took the chance.
Budding youths down Flanders way,
Who fought the fight out there;
They're fertilizing ground today,
With bones—with blood—with hair.

The mounds not covered yet with grass
To hide them from our sight,
They lie there, boys of every class—
To them it's always night.
The bugle sounded and they went
Without a thought or care,
A shrapnel shell, their blood was spent
Naught left but bones and hair.

Their bodies placed in gas soaked sod,
Gun metal makes their bed.
The crosses pointed toward their God—
Who willed that they be dead.
They died in battle, every one,
They faced the German foe;
Staunch until their day was done—
The day they had to go.

The blood soaked fields are richer now,
The blood soaked fields of France.
The finest flowers lie there now,
Flowers that took the chance.
Budding youths of the U. S. A.;
Who fought the fight out there,
They're fertilizing ground today
With bones—with blood—with hair.

UNDER ETHER

The room is dancing,
Tables prancing,
Eyes are glancing at me.

My toe's in my mouth,
My eye's on my knee,
I can't feel my back.
Oh! where can I be?
My fingers are stiff
And my brain's going round,
I feel like I'm sinking
Right through the ground.

My ears are ringing,
Voices singing,
Something's clinging to me.

I feel so high,
I feel so low,
I feel so foolish,
Oh—I don't know!
I feel so big,
I feel so small,
And now I don't;
Oh—feel at all.

ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR

One—Two—Three—Four
Is all we heard and nothing more.
One—Two—Three—Four,
We tramped until our feet grew sore.

For miles and miles we marched that way,
We hadn't time to stop to pray,
To battle ground we marched along,
We couldn't cheer it with a song.

One—Two—Three—Four
Is all we heard and nothing more
While serving with the Army, OVER THERE.

One—Two—Three—Four,
The march step of the hell called war.
One—Two—Three—Four,
Sickened to the very core.

Fifty minutes down the road
With our heavy laden load—
Always marching to the test,
And never a "Fall out, boys, and rest."

One—Two—Three—Four,
The march step of the hell called war,
While serving with the Army, OVER THERE.

One—Two—Three—Four,
With nothing but grim death in store.
One—Two—Three—Four
Until we heard the cannon roar.

And then into the battle line,
Just waiting life to beat its time.
The sight—the wounded and the lame,
It simply drove us all insane.

One—Two—Three—Four,
With nothing but grim death in store,
While serving with the Army, OVER THERE.

TO MY FOOT

Well—old foot, the time is near
When we must say good-by.
I know you hate to leave me
And I know it will make you cry.
But say! why let it grieve you?
You won't be alone,
For, part of the leg is going too
And a great big piece of the bone.
They'll keep you company,
You can tell them of your loss.
Tell them what good pals we've been,
And how you served your boss.
Say that you never tripped me
And you tried to do your best,
When I needed you, to carry me
Through life's long weary test.
I hate to see you go, old pal,
I hate to see you leave,
I am sure that I will miss you;
Your loss will make me grieve.
I tried my best to save you,
And I'd be willing to try some more,
But they tell me that it's all no use—
Gee! but you look sore.
Cheer up—old pal, look bright!
I wish that you could talk
For I know you'd say you're sorry,
Since without you I can't walk.
But don't let it worry you, old top,
For around this world I'll run
On a foot that's made by a blacksmith,
And I'll think it a lot of fun.
It was in France they wounded you,
They shot you in the heel;

And when you bled, and the way you pained,
I felt that you could feel.
I suffered many operations
To keep you here with me,
But I think I had better lose you,
Before I lose my knee.
You see—you're very sick, old pal,
In fact you're about to die,
And I think, they had better cut you off,
Before your sickness goes too high.
I hope to meet you again some day
In Heaven or maybe in Hell.
But say—don't you find it awful hard
To say your last farewell?

THE GERMAN SING-SONG

Sing a song of death shells
Full of mustard gas,
Choking, coughing, sneezing men
Dying in the grass.

Sing a song of whizz-bangs,
Shrapnel flying hot,
Tommies—Scotties and the Yanks,
Breathless there they rot.

Sing a song of air raids,
Over head they fly,
Women, children down below,
Every one must die.

Sing a song of sea subs
In the briny deep,
Water is their resting place;
Let them sleep and sleep.

Sing a song of war fare
On the land and sea,
Kill them—never mind the law,
All for Germany.

THE HIKE

We were walking down the road
With our heavy, heavy load,
Stepping to the tune of
Auld Lang Syne.
We had tramped for twenty mile
In the good old Yankee style,
When our dear young captain hollered,
"Keep your line."
Our knees were getting soggy,
And our guide man he was groggy,
But we stuck it out and tried to do our best;
We were just about to fall
When we heard above it all,
The welcome order, Men—Fall out and rest.

How we hated to give in
When the order came, "Fall in."
But we had to make G'Salti by the night;
So with even Yankee pep
And a measured Yankee step
We started, but it was an awful sight.
We threw our packs away
In a ditch we let them lay.
It seemed as though we had a hollow chest,
Our knees were all but caved,
Thank heavens we were saved,
By the welcome order, Men fall out and rest.

We staggered into line
When the captain counted time,
We were hungry and our feet
Were getting cold.
Now we tried to keep the pace,
When a lad fell on his face
And yelled aloud, I cannot go no more.
But we kept the step aright,
And soon we saw the light
Of G'Salti and we felt that we were blest.
We sang a Yankee song
For it wasn't very long
Till the final order came,
FALL OUT AND REST.

WE TOLD YOU

We warned you, Old Bill, we warned you.
We told you it couldn't be done;
We told you to quit all your nonsense
And we told you to lower your gun.

You wanted the world by conquest,
You wanted the earth and the sun;
We told you to watch America,
And we warned you—it couldn't be done.

You told us that you'd stop the Allies
From landing a single ton;
But every one landed, Old Billy,
For we told you it couldn't be done.

We warned you, Old Bill, we warned you,
We told you it couldn't be done;
We told you to quit all your nonsense,
And we told you to lower your gun.

BRAVE IT

When shells are flying
And friends are dying
And skies are of crimson red;
When machine guns chatter
And cannons clatter
The sad sing song of the dead.
Don't dare get a fright
But enter the fight
With a heart that is brave and true.
Just grab you a Hun, and say that you won,
Then the world will say
You're true blue.

When your pals all round
Wounded, fall to the ground
And it seems that your end is near,
Just brave the trench mortar,
And enter the slaughter,
Soldiers must never know fear.
Though the sound of a shell
Is the music of hell,
Be brave—you're bound to come through,
And when it is done,
You'll call it all fun
And the world will say you're true blue.

TO MOTHER

Here in the fields of bleeding France,
Where comrades they are lying,
Here in the jaws of battles chance
Where mother's sons are dying.
I think of you, my mother dear,
Of the days when I was home;
And how I wish that you were near
To cheer these hearts of stone.

I chanced upon a German boy,
In a shell hole, there he lay.
I'm sure he was some mother's joy,
For how he tried to pray.
God—he said—God help me,
I'm the only one she's got;
For mother's sake—Almighty—
Help me—I've been shot.

I looked him over once or twice,
I thought it best to kill;
His wounds were filled with creeping lice—
It gave me an awful chill.
But mother dear, I thought of you,
I asked what would you say?
I knew he had a mother too—
And so—I let him stay.

Somehow I knew a mother's love,
And I felt the mother's pain;
And there in the sight of God above
I could not see him slain.
Should I get hit—I hope and pray
While I am under cover—
A decent Hun—will come my way
And save me—for my mother.

AMERICA FOR ME

Never again will I cross the sea,
There's but one place in the world for me—
That's America, my home,
The land of the free.
And you bet I'm proud to say,
I believe in the U. S. A.

I don't like the land
Where the folks drink tea.
And I was never foolish
About gay Paree.
For there's nothing there
That you can't see
Right over here
In God's country.
Russia don't count
With its Bolsheviki—
I don't like spaghetti,
So no Italy for me.
The greasers can't bribe me
With hot tomalee;
And China gives naught
But a chink chop-suey.
Spain's dancers don't lure
With their tamborees.
And Iceland won't do,
For there I would freeze.

Never again will I cross the sea,
There's but one place in this world for me—
That's America, my home,
The land of the free.
And you bet I'm proud to say,
I believe in the U. S. A.

IN THE ARMY

Tramp—tramp—tramp—
Around the old drill field.
Tramp—tramp—tramp
The whole day through.
Squads right—squads left,
And on right into line,
And when you're finished drilling
You get a plate of stew.

Left oblique—right oblique,
And the halt in place;
Keep in step—change your step,
Like an old foot race.
Column right—column left,
Then squads right about;
Should you howl or make a growl
For K. P. you're picked out.

Work around the mess hall,
Guard duty in the night.
Keep your rifle spick and span
Or you'll get yours alright.
Fatigue—details and orderly—
I can't think of all the rest;
But in the dear old army,
Is where manhood gets its test.

I ANSWERED THE CALL

I know I'm not much
For I've an arm off you see,
I answered the call
From over the sea.
I joined the colors,
I left the old town;
For it made my blood boil,
When women went down.

I stood Belgium's rape
And England's loud yell,
While France looked the picture
Of a great earthly hell;
But when children sounded
Their mother's death bell—
I answered the call,
From over the sea.

The arm that's not there
Is somewhere in France.
I lost it
Because I took a chance,
To grab a Hun—
He was one of eight,
That came in a bunch
And killed my mate.

I wanted him prisoner,
I meant no harm—
I'll never forget
The night—it was calm,
I reached for him—had him,
I lost my arm;
But back to his trench,
I made him dance.

Didn't do great things,
But my arm is gone.
I don't regret it
And I'm not forlorn.
An arm don't count
To a lad like me—
In a great big war
For Democracy.

I'll be well paid,
So I am told,
Compensation and bonus
And the stuff called gold;
Of course—my arm—
I never sold,
I lost it,
Even the bone!

I know I'm not much,
For I've an arm off you see;
I answered the call
From over the sea.
I chased a Hun
And made him run,
Though I broke my bayonet,
And blasted my gun.

He planted a bomb
And he placed it right;
And when it went off—
It killed my fight.
Democracy called!
And I fought that night,
I answered the call
From over the sea.

MARCHING SONG

Here comes old Company I.
Good-by, old Fritzie, good-by.

We're out to beat you;
Yes, we'll defeat you;
Don't let us meet you.

Here comes old Company I.
Good-by, old Fritzie, good-by.

Farewell forever,
You thought you were clever,
Will you win—NEVER.

Here comes old Company I.
Good-by, old Fritzie, good-by.

We're on our way Bill,
We'll make you pay Bill,
Best that you pray Bill.

Here comes old Company I.
Good-by, old Fritzie, good-by.

We'll break your front line,
Crash through your rear line,
Sail down the old Rhine.

Here comes old Company I.
Good-by, old Fritzie, good-by.

We'll show you how rough,
We are with our stuff,
We'll teach—You can't bluff.

Here comes old Company I.
Good-by, old Fritzie, good-by.

BATTLE CRY

Into the battle, Company I—
Into the struggle, to do or die!
Into the Germans—into the Hun,
Into the fight—till the fight is won.

Into the blood-shed, Company I—
Into the fields where comrades lie!
Into the tussle—into the strife,
Into the push for freedom's life.

Into the shelling, Company I—
Into their trenches, let us try;
Into their shell holes—into their den;
Into their funk holes,
LET'S GO I MEN.

BASE TWENTY-NINE

Back there in Tottenham,
In old London town,
With its curious buildings
Most tumbling down;
I remember the hospital—
Base twenty-nine!
The days that I spent there,
And the people so fine.

The nurses and doctors
From Denver they hailed.
A crowd of the best
From America sailed.
There was Powell and Dean,
And Pershing and Brown,
Hobart and Kellam
And then dear Miss Town.

How well I remember
The whole Denver crew,
For they worked so hard
And they were so true.
When I get old—
With life's fleeting time,
There in my memory
Will be—TWENTY-NINE.

WHICH IS BETTER

Thousands of soldiers crippled;
Thousands of soldiers dead;
Thousands of wives are starving
For the want of a little bread.
Thousands of mothers are weeping;
Thousands of babies cry;
Thousands of fathers are praying
For their sons who had to die.

Out on the field of battle
They are fighting day by day.
Slaughtering one another
In every kind of way.
Cannon, guns and rifles,
Bombs, gases and shell
And other death devises
Of which writing cannot tell.

Thousands of lawyers running;
Thousands of judges we saw,
Thousands of wives are happy
For hubby won't go to war.
Thousands of laughing mothers
Thousands of babies dear;
Thousands of fathers waiting
The decision of court to hear.

Out in the court of battle
We fight there day by day;
Pleading our many cases
In a most civilized way.
Judges, lawyers and jurors;
Brains, justice and law,
Tell me isn't it better
Than the murder we call war?

ALL ABOARD

All aboard—all aboard;
All aboard for McHenry jail.
We take you in and keep you in,
For we accept no bail.
We treat you right both day and night;
We try to feed you well;
We want to state that our staff is great,
Though the place is next to hell.

The food we give will make you live,
Until you're old and grey;
I *d* say it's just like mother made,
If I could lie that way.
We serve an egg with a crippled leg
Which smiles at you and then
Through your nose you disclose
It was laid by some sick hen.

Now to speak about our meat,
To tell the truth I vow,
The meat you get, to our regret,
It never came from cow.
The more you try to do or die
And battle for your rights,
Instead of meat you'll simply eat
Hamburger in tights.

Sausages—bologna—bologna and sausages,
Now you know what that means;
It's almost worse than the army curse
Of living a life on beans.
We don't serve tongue—
Wouldn't give you lung,
As that isn't fair, you see.
So many a morn—just to keep you warm
We serve liver that hung from a tree.

From the waters fair, the scented air
Sweeps through the wards all day;
The fertilizer called hypnotizer
Holds you firm they say.
It smells as rich as a putrid ditch
In which we bury the dead.
When the wind doth blow, the patients go,
Under the sheets to cover their heads.

All aboard—all aboard—
All aboard for McHenry jail.
We take you in and keep you in,
For we accept no bail.
Nurses and doctors, and surgeons as well,
Good food—fresh air,
And operations so swell,
We cut you and bleed you,
For nobody needs you,
While at McHenry jail.

TO GERMANY

We've heard about your armies
And your navies of the brave;
We've heard about your fellows
Who dig other fellow's graves.
We've heard about your submarine,
Your airships and your shot;
Your rifles, ammunition,
Your gases and what not.

But the Blue and the Grey—are on their way
To show you what you're worth;
They'll take the Kaiser and his gang
And wipe them from the earth.

You'll find the war that you have made
Will prove the story true,
And soon you know exactly what
Preparedness can do.
For we'll shatter every city,
Wreck every soldier's home;
Leave their wives and friends to suffer
The pangs of life alone.

So while you may, you better say
Your battles are all through.
We come with pep and double step
And you know what we can do.

We love the U. S. A.
That's why you hear us say
We're coming to your shores;
We're glad to lose our lives
And leave our widowed wives
With orphans of the war.

The Kaiser may be great,
But we'll wipe him off the slate.
Since war dangers he'll increase,
And we'll stand in all our glory
And we'll tell the same old story
That the U. S. A. will always fight for peace.

THE VETERAN

A "veteran" is a soldier of a war—
A man who stood before
The bullets, the shrapnel, and the shell—
And suffered the pangs of Hell.

Wear the uniform? He did more than that—
Wore a helmet called a hat.
Slept in dug-outs with creeping lice.
A "veteran" made the sacrifice.

Hard tack for weeks—and that's not all,
He answered every bloomin' call
Without the grumble, without a kick;
A "veteran" helped to turn the trick.

His battle ground was "Over There."
He breathed a breath of powdered air.
He heard the deadly whizz-bang shriek.
A "veteran" HAS THE RIGHT TO SPEAK.

He is the real soldier, the "veteran."
Not the domestic kind,
Who tells us what he would have done
If he was not left behind.

'Tis true we needed men at home
As well as over sea—
But credit is due the "veteran,"
That's just between you and me.

JUST IMAGINE

Friends together,
Summer weather.

Lovely night,
Bright moonlight.

In the park,
After dark.

Not a sound,
None around.

Babbling brook,
Shady nook.

Lovers two
Bill and coo,

Just Imagine.

A THOUGHT

It was morning and the snow
Was on the ground.
She was lonely,
For, no one was around.
And she thought
How happy she could have been
If married—
In the sight of God and him.
Every virtue that was hers
She shared with Jim—
With no return,
And every wish grew dim.
Still she loved
And cherished the hope that love
Justified
Their acts before God above.

ISN'T IT FUNNY?

Isn't it funny,
When a man meets a girl,
He thinks that he met
Some rare precious pearl;
He'll hire an auto
To go for a whirl,
Spend money at dances
Just for a twirl;
He'll tell her her hair
Has a beautiful curl,
And he made his money
Through sweat and toil—
Isn't it funny?

Next week out to dinner
Where food it is punk.
He'll send her some books,
And such other bunk
As diamonds and jewelry
And pictures and junk.
He buys enough candy
To fill her big trunk;
He'll spend all his money
In getting her drunk,
And he worked all the week
In a factory that stunk—

Isn't it funny?

He'll run around like a real busy bee,
Fly to the beach
For a week-end spree.
He'll blow her friends
Though they number three.
Buy her wines—
And cocktails and tea.
He'll spend every dollar
To his last V,
And for the rest of the week
He's broke as can be—

Isn't it funny?

She plays her game
And she plays him right.
She gives him a date
Each Saturday night.
She'll love him and tease him
And then start a fight.
She'll order him out
And say, Leave my sight.
If he speaks a word
She's up like a kite.
But the poor boob takes it
And sits real tight—*Isn't it funny?*

He'll tell her each evening:
My dear, you're a beaut;
Your dressed so nifty
And you look real cute.
Your nice little foot
Looks neat in its boot.
The same old stuff
That all lovers shoot.
To buy her a dress
He'll smoke a cheroot,
And back to his job
He'll work like a brute—*Isn't it funny?*

The truth of the matter
Is, the girl has a face
That would win first prize
At a bull dog race.
Her eyebrows look like
An old piece of lace
And her cute upper lip
Is all out of place,
And she works in a store
Behind a chewing gum case.
Still—each Saturday night
To her home he will chase—*Isn't it funny?*

Her actions show
That she was bred—
In a boiler plant
Where they make lead.
And she's bow-legged, too,
So it is said.
Has saw dust for brains
In her square flat head.
And the boy that she went with
Before him—was dead,
But still he is willing
To go on and be bled—
Isn't it funny?

TO MY SON

I am your mother—
And you, my son;
What will they say
When my day is done?
Like mother the child
Is the story told,
What will they say
When I am old?
I will be judged
By all some day,
My boy! My boy!
What will they say?

SMILE

If things are going wrong
And the days are dark and long,
Don't give in, wear a grin—and SMILE.

If you're down and out and broke
And your watch and junk's in soak,
Don't give in, wear a grin—and SMILE.

If you lose that job downtown
And your sweetheart turns you down,
Don't give in, wear a grin—and SMILE.

If you're hungry and you're cold
And your clothes are getting old,
Don't give in, wear a grin—and SMILE.

If your landlord comes some day
And says pay or move away,
Don't give in, wear a grin—and SMILE.

If life don't seem to treat you right
Grit your teeth and start to fight,
Don't give in, wear a grin—and SMILE.

MIK

I am the son of a doctor,
And a wise old doctor was he.
He travelled the world after marriage
And made Ireland a home for me.
Later I found out the trouble,
But I don't know who to blame—
Now I will tell you the reason
I had to add Mc to my name.

My father was born in old England;
Met mother while back in New York;
But I was born in a county
In Ireland that's known as Cork.
My father's parents were Swedish;
While mother's came from Spain;
So in order that I should be Irish
I had to add Mc to my name.

FUNNY THINGS

What funny things we oftimes see,
A big girl on a small man's knee.
Poor boy—he takes it all in fun,
Although it seems she weighs a ton.
What funny things we oftimes see,
A big girl on a small man's knee.

What funny things we will recall,
A real short man with lady tall.
He'll look up to her calf-like face,
And how he'll stretch for one embrace.
What funny things we will recall,
A real short man with lady tall.

What funny things we're often told,
A wise young girl with man so old.
She marries for his roll of money,
He didn't die and it's not so sunny.
What funny things we're often told,
A wise young girl with man so old.

What funny things the dry goods girls,
They sell you curtains, laces, pearls.
They dress just like a dolled up freak
And the most they get is five a week.
What funny things the dry goods girls,
Who sell you curtains, laces, pearls.

I'M OF THE STREET

I'm only a woman of the street,
The kind you always meet
Walking the avenue—from day to day,
With the look that says—
"Come on and pay,"
For, I'm only a woman of the street.

I was young upon a time
And very pretty too;
But I never knew what love could do.
It drives a girl into the rut,
She's blind and cannot think,
And it isn't long until she falls
And then—she takes to drink.
And then—she's driven down and down
By all her worthy friends;
Denied the chance of decent life,
She can't even make amends.
Beaten and cuffed at every hand,
No one to cheer her along—
Do you wonder why most any man
Can buy her for a song?

I know I'm a woman of the street,
And of course you'll say I'm lying
If I tell you I was driven,
But say: There's no denying,
Upon a time I loved a man
Who promised me his life.
I loved him—and I trusted,
I knew I'd be his wife.
But when all was over, he went away
And left me with my shame,
And since that time, I haven't cared

About myself—or what became
Of those at home and all my friends
Who wouldn't help me to rise,
And I sank—and still I am sinking,
And I sell to him who buys.

I know it won't last forever,
This life I live today;
But while it lasts—I suppose
I'll sell my soul this way.
In the sight of God and man
I live the life of Hell—
But I know the reason—I loved,
And my story is true—Oh, well,
It doesn't matter anyway
For whoever I chance to meet,
They laugh at me, and ask the price
Of a woman of the street.

LIFE

Life is the thing
We can't figure out.
It's made up of reason,
Suspicion and doubt.
We're born, and we live
But never know why.
What's life? is the question
Throughout—till we die.
We work and we toil
That both ends may meet,
Struggle and sweat
To have shoes on our feet.
A few have the millions
While masses cry—
It's a question of life;
The answer is, WHY?

There are wars and volcanoes
Wherein people are slain;
Some people prosper
And some never gain.
The good die young,
The bad live on—
Countries are born
And Nations have gone.
Seldom is credit given where due,
When you get old—death beckons to you.
The poor stay poor, till the day they die,
It's a question of life—the answer is WHY?

FORD REPAIRS

Today is Monday,
Monday the wind shield,
Oh—you Henry Ford,
I wish the same to you.

Today is Tuesday,
Tuesday the spark plug,
Monday the wind shield,
Oh—you Henry Ford,
I wish the same to you.

Today is Wednesday,
Wednesday the front wheel,
Tuesday the spark plug,
Monday the wind shield,
Oh—you Henry Ford,
I wish the same to you.

Today is Thursday,
Thursday the axle,
Wednesday the front wheel,
Tuesday the spark plug,
Monday the wind shield,
Oh—you Henry Ford,
I wish the same to you.

Today is Friday,
Friday the gas feed,
Thursday the axle,
Wednesday the front wheel,
Tuesday the spark plug,
Monday the wind shield,
Oh—you Henry Ford,
I wish the same to you.

Today is Saturday,
Saturday the garage,
Friday the gas feed,
Thursday the axle,
Wednesday the front wheel,
Tuesday the spark plug,
Monday the wind shield,
Oh—you Henry Ford,
I wish the same to you.

Today is Sunday,
Sunday a new car,
Saturday the garage,
Friday the gas feed,
Thursday the axle,
Wednesday the front wheel,
Tuesday the spark plug,
Monday the wind shield,
Oh—you Henry Ford,
I wish the same to you.

A VICTOR RECORD SPEAKS

No one seems to think of me,
They keep me in a rack;
Sometimes I'm thrown around the room,
Or piled up in a stack.
They only want to use me
When they want a dance or song.
And the way that I am treated
Is a shame—I say it's wrong.

Don't let a worn out needle
Ever travel cross my rills,
For if it's not sharp it scratches,
And it gives me nasty chills.
You'll find that I'll do better,
If you'll brush me ere I start;
And if you do not speed me
I'll sing and dance my part.

SOLILOQUY

I oftimes wonder
What I'd do without you.
Yes, I think of it, dear,
Of course just now
There's no reason to doubt you
Or that you'll ever be near.
For yet—our love is as a dream
And we are still asleep;
But what when things
Are not what they seem
And the light begins to creep
Into our hearts, and we find
To our sad regret
We didn't see; we were merely blind.
We thought we loved, and yet
We've been happy through it all
And happy are we today,
But the castle, dear, is bound to fall,
For it cannot stand always.

You will grow tired of me, dear,
For there is no bond between
We two—and perhaps in another year
There will be another scene.
With you and her—as the principal two
In the play called married life,
And when you're gone—what will I do?
I could never be a wife
To a man who loved and played his part
As pure as the heavens blue;
For I've lived wrong, I have not heart
To give, where it is due.
Yes, I gave you all I had, dear.
My love was free and strong.
But I know the judgment day is near
When I must pay my wrong.

I can't stand the thought of losing you,
For then I'd be alone.
You'd have a wife and babe so true.
But I?—without a home,
Will travel on from place to place
My journey on forever,
And where e're I go, I'll see your face
And the times we had together.
Of course you know I was not bad,
When we met not long ago;
I was as pure as this earth had,
And I thought my virtue belonged to you,
But I loved you—that you know.

I think it best that I should leave;
Leave for the peaceful sleep.
For it's better to know
Someone will grieve,
And on my grave will heap
Flowers of love—than to wait
Until you've gone.
To die—to pass death's gate
With no one left to mourn.
And so she lived, and so she died
And so she was born away.
The man in honor he lived on
For she had naught to say.

BOOBY HATCH

Believe me I'm unhappy
For I don't know who I am.
Sometimes I ask am I myself—
Or am I brother Sam?
If I am Sam—I wonder why
Some people call me Jim,
And whenever Sam does something wrong
I'm whipped because I'm him.

If I am him, then I'm not Jim,
For Sam must be my name.
It doesn't seem to matter much
Since I always get the blame.
So when I say my prayers at night
I wonder have I sin,
And I always ask the question:
Am I me—or Jim my twin?

A BOLSHEVIST'S IF

If I were only ruler of a town,
I'd arrest the politicians all around,
I'd watch most every cop,
To their duty make them hop,
Or I'd turn the whole police force upside down.
The postman too—would have to be polite.
The subway, they would treat the people right.
No thieves would be in jail,
I'd let them out on bail,
If I were only ruler of a town.

If I were only ruler for a day,
The guys who own the trusts would have to pay,
I'd have them for my hire
And they'd have to coal my fire
Or "Go to jail" is all that I would say.
I'd make a clean up
Of the street called Wall,
And I'd put a jail bird up in City hall,
I'd fill the town with wine
And I'd have a grand old time
If I were only ruler for a day.

If I were only ruler for a while
I'd do away with everything called style,
Every night and through the days
I'd have open cabarets—and I'd beat
Old Monte Carlo by a mile.
The men could all have women by the scores;
They could run their harems with an open door,
They could sing and dance and laugh,
For there'd be no legal gaff,
If I were only ruler for a while.

TO DEATH

Every night there comes a fear
That you will be near.
How I dread the thought of meeting you,
But nothing's left to do—but die.

The joy of life is displaced
When with you I am faced;
We're born to live and when you're nigh
We find we're born to live—to die.

I sing to you Oh death,
I sing a song of fear;
I want to live eternally,
I do not want you near.

DESIRE

I want to go back to childhood,
To the days of the golden rule;
I want to go back to the wild wood,
To the days that I spent at school.
I want to go back to joyland,
Back to my dear mother's knee;
I want to go back to toy land,
Back to the thoughts that were free.
I miss the old gang on the corner,
And the games we played in the street;
I wish I could say "Old Jack Horner,"
And I long for those days of bare feet.

I want to go back to kid days,
When nothing worried my brain;
I want to go back to child ways,
When I didn't care about rain.
I want to go back to the old hill,
Free and clear of all debt;
I want to go back to the red mill,
Where I never knew regret.
I hate all these long days of worry,
And these weary dark days full of strife;
I dread all these days brimmed with hurry,
How I long for the younger life.

I want to go back to day dreams,
When all seemed rosy and bright;
I want to go back to play streams,
When I wasn't bothered with right.
I want to go back to nine pins,
The innocent whippings from Pa;
I want to go back to kid grins,
Away from the cares that are.

WE CAN TALK

We can talk about the airships,
And the visits to the sun,
We can talk about the scientists
And the work that they have done,
We can talk about the Bolshevists
And Socialists as well,
We can talk about the heavens
And then the place called hell.
We can talk about the Panama,
And the Woolworth building tall,
We can talk about the price of beef
And still that isn't all.
For we can talk about the long range gun,
And relics of the war,
We can talk about the submarines
And the holes that they once tore.
We can talk about the Germans
And their dirty rotten tricks,
We can talk about the Allies
And who struck the hardest licks.
We can talk of all the generals
And the doughboys' work so grand,
We can talk of dear old Ireland,
For all the Irish stand.
We can talk of Woodrow Wilson
And other men alive,
We can talk on any topic,
And still argument survives, for
We can talk about old Mutt and Jeff
And wonder through it all,
We can talk about the problem,
But will that make Jeff grow tall?
We can talk about the dear Red Cross

And other peoples too,
We can talk about the Welfare Board
And the work they tried to do.
We can talk about the living high
And the wages—oh, so low,
We can talk about the suffrage laws,
And still there's room to go, for
We can talk about labor
And the strikes they're causing now,
We can talk about a settlement
And still we don't know how.
We can talk about the bonus bills
And compensation too,
We can talk about our heroes
And call them all true blue.
We can talk about the farmers
And the crops that they'll produce,
We can talk about the weather,
And, Oh—well, what's the use, for
We can talk and talk and talk and talk
And talk and talk and talk,
We can talk and talk and talk and talk
And talk and talk and talk.

CIGARETTE

What a pal you've been
I never shall forget,
What peace and comfort I have had
With you, my cigarette.

When days were dark and dreary
And I was all alone,
I'd look into your cloud of smoke
And there I'd see my home.

Each puff just seemed to soothe my nerves
When worry ruled supreme,
Yes—you have been a pal indeed,
You've brought me many dreams.

Dreams of love—dreams of life,
Dreams of every kind,
You've been the dearest friend I've had,
The best I'll ever find.

I'm sure that I'll enjoy my life
And I'll never know regret
Just so long as you're my friend,
Good old—Cigarette.

BROADWAY—GOOD-BY

Good-by old Broadway,
With your lights so bright,
Farewell gay white way,
Au revoir—good night.
Prohibition is here
And the town's gone dry,
So long dear old beer
And your gin rickeys high.

We'll miss the old nights
That we turned into days.
We'll crave for your lights
And your swell cabarets.
No more staying late
With some sick friend.
Prohibition's our fate
And all's at an end.

We nursed you and we loved you
Like a baby so young;
Wrote poetry for you
And songs that were sung.
And still we all want you,
But Prohibition holds sway.
There's naught left to tell you,
Good-by old Broadway.

THE FIRE

'Twas a frosty winter's evening
And the snow was all around,
The reflection of the moon light
Made a mirror of the ground.
It was a winter's silence,
A silence you most could hear;
A silence of a lonely night,
A silence you would fear.

No one ventured out that night,
The streets were deathly still.
FIRE—FIRE came the cries,
A fire on the hill.
Into the night and into the cold,
The people swarmed like bees,
They reached the burning building,
Where there was a negroe on his knees.

Heavy axes were brought in play
And water was brought in a pail.
We tried to rescue the negroe
Who was locked in the burning jail.
For hours and hours we worked there
But the ice was just like stone,
The flames were shooting skyward
And we heard the negroe moan.

Jim was his name, the negroe,
who paid the price that night.
We tried our best to save him,
Though the fire was caused by a light
Of a match, that was lit by the negroe
And applied to the old jail door,
But somehow it seemed that the door didn't burn,
While the flames began to roar.

The jail house was ablaze ere long;
The negro began to smell;
He planned escape through the burning door
But he sent himself to hell.
A murderous Jim—he killed a man
And he also killed his wife.
He wasn't content to stay in jail,
So he paid at the cost of his life.

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